

Sergeant of the Guard

The Lieutenant recited  
the Pentagon's reasons  
for the war, tactical

and patriotic. Off  
to the sack I, recalling  
not word one, but shaken up  
a few steaming hours after.

My sheet jerked away:  
"Oooooo look at that!  
Didn't know you cared."

I'll never be here that long, I  
sneered to this fresh corporal, who  
only had a job to do. "Hey! I'll  
help you wake up the new guards--most're  
Koreans and they won't answer," he laughed.

We went to their tent and barked out  
Kims and Chees, finally having to wake  
everybody. "No Kim, he Kim, I no Kim , he..."

Afterwards, with morning sky  
in bars of gray and gold, beautiful,  
I had a cigar with the Lieutenant  
outside his filthy hut.

Who invented this total fuckup?  
"God, they tell me." he puffed  
a blue cloud out.

Plus, do you believe that utter shit you lectured on  
last evening? "I must. St Augustine said faith  
is believing what you can't see. The re-  
ward of faith is seeing what you believe."

Well fuck him too!...more doubletalk.  
Anyway, all those Kims. I know one, Gaspump,

the tall one. We have to nick-  
name them all. And I do know our cook's name, Trajee.

"That's a Korean nickname. Means pig."

